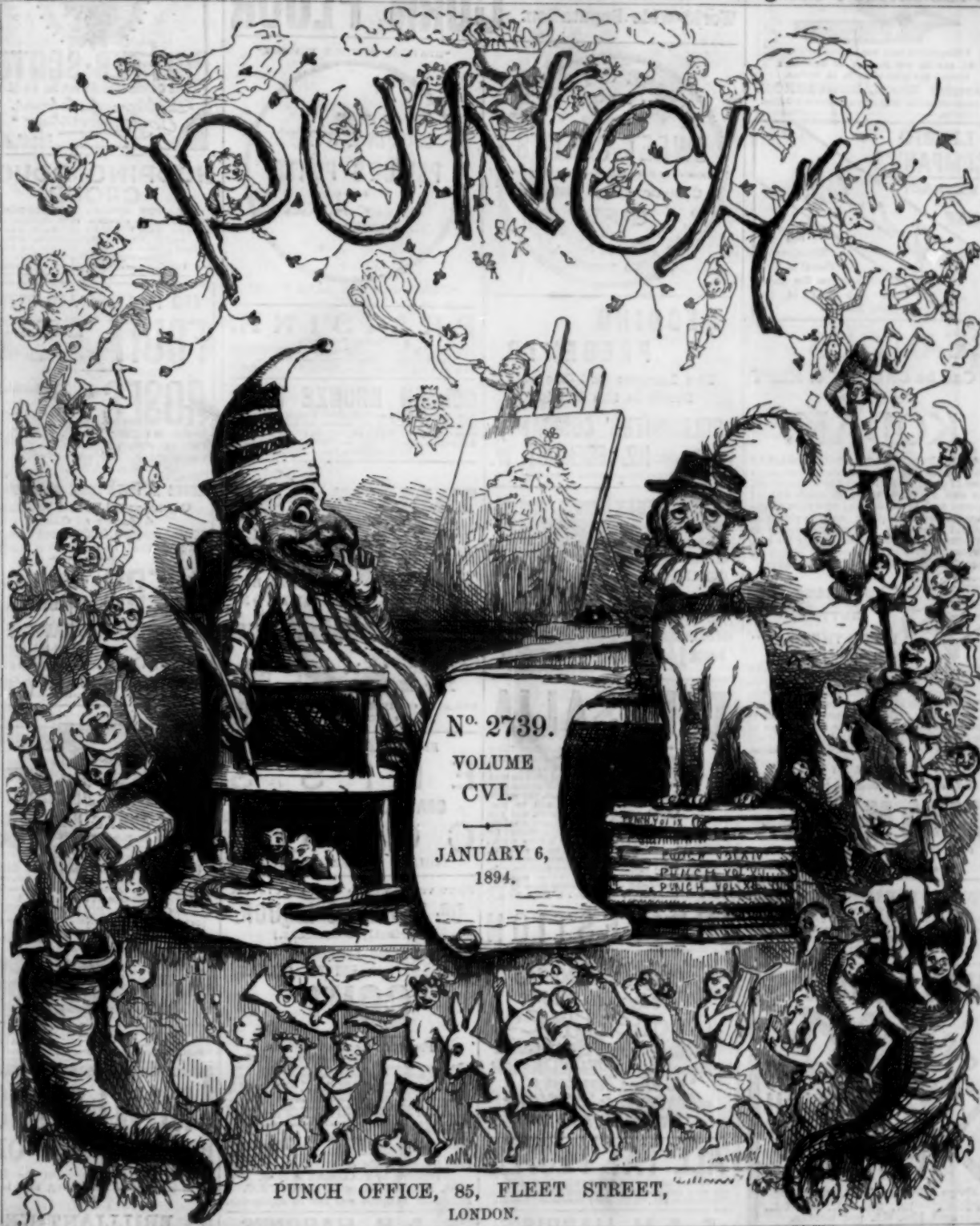


# PICTURES FROM "PUNCH"

Now Publishing, in Monthly Nos., each containing a representative selection from the best of the "PUNCH" PICTURES. Nos. 1 to 4 Now Ready, Price Sixpence each, to be had from all Booksellers, Newsagents and Bookstalls.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

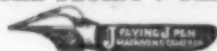
NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Paintings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

## CADBURY'S COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE THEREFORE BEST. NO CHEMICALS USED.

Beware of the party offering imitations of  
**MAGNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS**  
They come as a boon and a blessing to men.  
The PICKWICK, the GWT, and the Waverley Pen.

**THE FLYING J PEN.**



"They create both wonder and delight."  
6d. and 1s. per Box, at all Stationers.  
Sample Box of all kinds, 1s. 1d. by Post.

Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.  
Furnishers to Her Majesty's Government Offices.

**LIEBIG  
COMPANY'S  
EXTRACT  
OF  
BEEF**

*For the*  
Signature  
(as above) in Blue  
Ink across the Label  
on each Jar of the  
Genuine Extract.

**BEAUTIES**

Can be CAUGHT & KEPT  
If you have a

**KODAK.**

Your children or your favorite pets can be taken in the charming, unconscious positions of play. Whether at home or abroad, you can make pictures of such bits of scenery and architecture, or works of engineering and sculpture, as may please or interest you. No preliminary study is necessary. Kodaks are sold ready for use, containing a roll of sensitive film for taking from 24 to 100 pictures with each charge.



"YOU PRESS THE  
BUTTON,  
WE DO THE REST."

The Kodak was invented in order that anyone of sensibility and judgment might, without study of drawing and painting, give the rein to his taste at the very moment of perception. He who owns a Kodak is continually increasing his knowledge of the laws of composition and art. As an aid to education in this direction it is priceless.

Price from £1 6s.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, forwarded free.

**EASTMAN** PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MATERIALS  
CO. LD.  
115-117 Oxford St., LONDON, W.  
4 Place Vendôme, Paris.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'**  
PATENT SUSTENTIVE PIANOS.  
Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.  
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.  
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,  
15, 20, and 22, WIMBORNE STREET, LONDON, W.

**HOVENDEN'S**  
THE  
**SWEET LAVENDER**  
FAVOURITE  
ENGLISH  
PERFUME.

Always Refreshing, Sweet, and Lasting.  
PRICE—1s., 2s., 6d., 8s., 6d.,  
and 10s. 6d. per bottle.

In consequence of imitations, please note  
that NONE is GENUINE UNLESS BEARING  
our Name and Trade Mark on Label.  
TO BE HAD OF ALL PERFUMERS,  
CHEMISTS, &c.

Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN & SONS,  
Deans St., W., & City Road, E.C., London.

**BROWN & POLSON'S**  
Has 35 Years'  
World-Wide Reputation. **CORN FLOUR**



**WEDDING  
PRESENTS.**  
The Largest and Choicest  
Stock in the World.

**COLDSMITHS' COMPANY,**  
Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.  
(ARRIVING STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

**BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE**

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS  
AND PERFUMERS, IN  
ELEGANT CRYSTAL  
TOILET CASES  
PRICE 2/6.  
ALSO IN PATENT  
METALLIC BOX  
PRICE 1/-  
SAMPLE POST FREE 1/-



**PEPSALIA**

"PEPSALIA," the Digestive Table  
Salt, HAS THE EXACT APPEARANCE AND  
TASTE OF THE BEST WHITE TABLE SALT.  
If put in the saltcellar, and used instead  
of ordinary table salt, it will thoroughly  
digest the food; indigestion, the source  
of so many complaints, will be pre-  
vented, or, if it exists, cured, and you  
will gain health, strength, and comfort.  
It is cheap, and a bottle is sufficient for  
forty-four meals. Try it for a week;  
you will be gratified by the result.  
From all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, and  
at all Spicers and Food Establishments,  
in 1s., 2s., and 4s. Bottles; or post free  
on receipt of postal order from G. and  
O. STYVEN, 61, GRAY'S INN ROAD,  
LONDON.

CURES

**INDIGESTION**

*Foreign Medicines  
& Toilet Articles &c.  
Robertson & Co.  
Chemists, 38, de la Paix Paris  
Keep at their London house  
76, New Bond St. W.  
all French & Foreign  
Medicines &c.*

**ALL FAT PEOPLE**

Should take THILENE TABLETS (Regd.).  
The only safe cure for Stubbornness. Send 2s. 6d. to  
THILENE CO., 75, FINSBURY PARKWAY, LONDON.

**S. & H. HARRIS'S  
HARNESS COMPOSITION**  
(WATERPROOF.)

**SADDLE PASTE**  
(WATERPROOF.)  
S. & H. HARRIS. Manufacture: LONDON, E.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."



"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

**FRAISINE.**

A Delicious Dentifrice.  
PREPARED FROM FRESH STRAWBERRIES.  
In dull Gold Enamel Boxes, post free, 1s.  
FRANKS & CO., 25, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**

The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be  
imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ARLINE**.  
Sold only by W. WINTERT, 67, Oxford St., London.  
Price 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded  
Hair **ARLINE** is invaluable.

**Table**  
IN  
BOTTLES  
**Schweppe's**  
AND IN  
PATENT  
SYPHONS  
**Waters**

Continue to be supplied to  
Her Majesty the Queen.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF BOTH RED  
AND BROWN LABELS.

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.  
**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**  
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

FIFTY YEARS WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR.**  
(Perfectly Harmless.)

THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC  
FOR THE CURE OF

**GOUT.**

From the Dean of Carlisle.

Deanery, Carlisle, March 16th, 1894.  
Sir,—I have on many occasions in the subject of this letter,  
that it will greatly concern me, and perhaps benefit many  
others, if you permit me to say in a few words that I was  
almost beyond expression a sufferer in gout for 25 years! I took  
bottles of medicine, which are simple and easy of application,  
I was most completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm  
that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial  
remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and  
they were cured.

I remain, yours truly,  
FRANCIS CLORE.

Price 9s. per bottle, of all Chemists; or sent  
post free by F. COMAR & SON,  
64, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.  
Descriptive Pamphlet sent free on application.

**S. & H. HARRIS'S  
EBONITE BLACKING**  
(WATERPROOF.) For Boots, Shoes, Harness, and  
all Black Leather articles.

**POLISHING PASTE**  
FOR CLEANING METALS AND GLASS  
S. & H. HARRIS. Manufacture: LONDON, E.



**HOOPING COUGH,  
CROUP.**

**ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBOCCATION.**  
The celebrated effectual cure without internal  
medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Rowlands &  
Son, 15, Queen Victoria Street, London.  
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.  
Paris—Rue de la Paix, 14, Rue de la Paix.  
New York—Forsyth & Co., North William Street.

**FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.**

**FRUIT** Nothing so profitable  
and easy to grow.  
60 Acres in Stock.

**ROSES** Hundreds of  
Thousands.

Bushes in variety. Packing and Carriage  
Free for cash with order, 8s. per dozen,  
60s. per 100. All other Nursery Stock  
carriage forward.

**ROSES IN POTS FROM 15s. PER DOZ.**  
Ornamental Trees, 91 Acres.  
4 Acres of Glass.

Clematis (80,000) from 15s. doz.  
N.B.—Single Plants are sold at slightly  
increased Prices.

**SEEDS** The best procurable.  
Lists Free.

**GENERAL CATALOGUE**

over 140 pages of Nursery Stock, artistically pre-  
pared, containing some hundreds of illustrations,  
and full of valuable information, sent FREE.

**RD. SMITH & CO., Worcester.**



**COLT'S NEW  
UNITED STATES  
ARMY & NAVY REVOLVER**

for House Protection, Travellers, and  
for Military Purposes, takes Eley's 38 cal. Express  
and all other 38 cal. Pistol Cartridges.

**COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.**  
1 of Large and Small Game, Hook shooting, and  
target practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and  
unequalled for rapidity of fire.

**COLT'S REVOLVERS**  
are used all over the World. Price List free.

**COLT'S FIREARMS CO.,**  
25, Gresham St., Finsbury Circus, London, W.

**Goddard's  
Plate Powder**

NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST  
ARTICLE FOR CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-  
PLATE, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS.

Sold every where, in Boxes, 1s., 2s., 6d., and 1s. 6d.

**ROWLANDS'  
MACASSAR OIL**

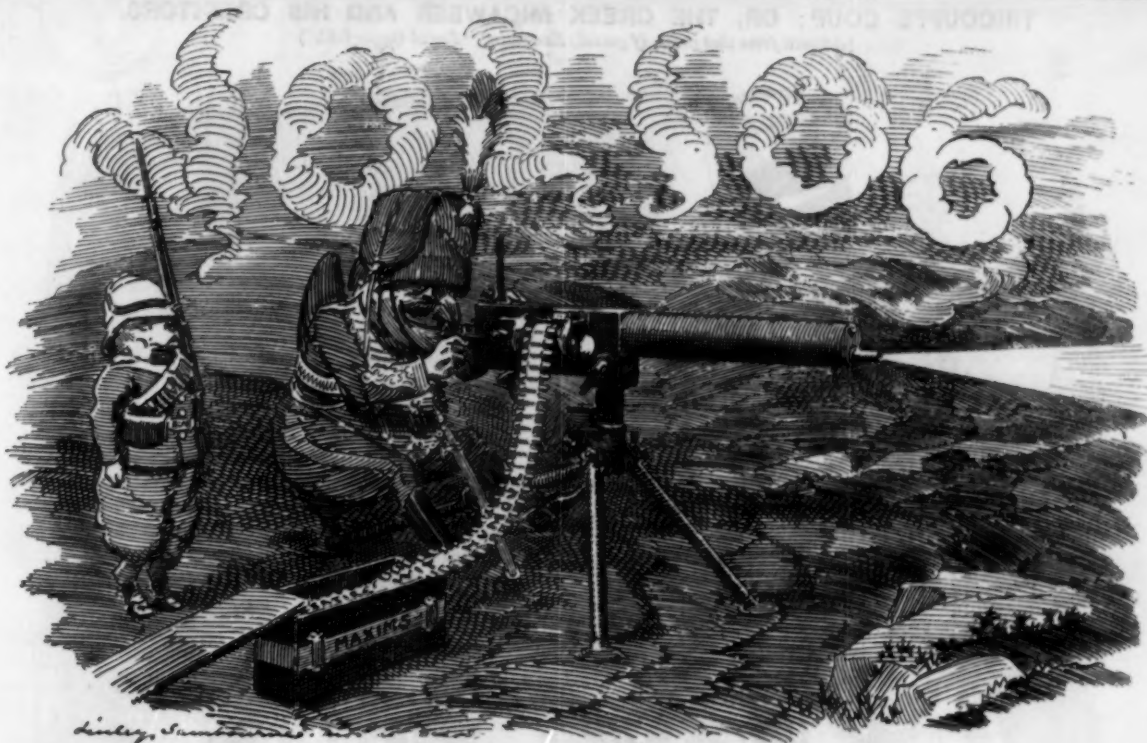
Nourishes and Preserves the Hair,  
makes it Soft and Silky, and is the  
Best

**BRILLIANTINE,**

being not too greasy or drying; also in  
a Golden Colour for Fair-haired Ladies  
and Children; it is most beautifully  
perfumed; bottles, 6s. 6d.; 7s.; 10s. 6d.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**





## VERSES À LA CARTE.

(A New Year's Greeting.)

My dear Miss TRAVERS. H'm! that's stiff;  
I wonder now if sudden death 'll  
Befall your humble servant if  
I boldly dare to call you ETHEL.

Enclosed herewith please find a card,  
Which as we shan't, alas! be meeting,  
(Though you, perchance, don't think it hard)  
Is meant to give a New Year's greeting.

What would you like in '94?  
A lot of fun? A round of pleasure?  
May yours be all you wish, and more—  
Pressed down and overflowing measure.

Ere '94 is dead and done,  
And our account of Life is carried  
To one more page, you may be won,  
And even—though it sounds odd—married.

What! you have sworn a solemn oath  
That marriage vows you'll not commingle,  
That you will never plight your troth,  
But dying be, as living, single?

Well, ETHEL, I quite understand.  
'Twas ever thus. And one fine morning  
You'll wake to find your heart and hand  
Are gone without the slightest warning.

If I were not upon the shelf,  
Removed from masherdom and chappiness,  
I'd help you break your vows myself  
If you'd permit me so much happiness.

Well, anyhow, in this New Year,  
Good luck attend your each endeavour,  
And recollect you have a dear,  
Devoted friend in me for ever.

P.S.

If you (two verses back) should find  
That I was wrong in self-dispraise. Oh!  
Then if you're what I think you—kind,  
Please send me just a word to say so.

## BILLETS DE DEUX.

[It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side-whiskers are coming in for fashionable men. So it would also appear from the following epistles, which, it should be added, crossed in the post.]

## I.—TO ANGELINA.

DEAR ANGELINA, you are mine,  
The dearest, sweetest, loveliest, fairest  
Of all the girls. Your face divine,  
Of all the faces quite the rarest.  
With thoughts of you, my ownest own,  
My brain is nearly always teeming,  
When I'm with others or alone,  
By night or day, in waking, dreaming.  
I am a lucky man indeed,  
In fact, we're well and truly mated,  
And all the world is quite agreed  
We're both to be congratulated.  
I'm yours, you're mine for aye. Yet stay  
I'd have you know of one small thing. Let's  
Have no mistake. We part the day  
I see you first decked out in ringlets.

## II.—TO EDWIN.

DEAR EDWIN, I'm content with you,  
I love you, sweetheart, more than ever,  
You're all you should be—gallant, true,  
Affectionate, devoted, clever,  
My beau idéal of a man.  
Dear, if we ever should be parted  
I feel quite certain that my plan  
Would be to perish broken-hearted.  
Still, darling, I would have you know—  
You always listen, dear, to reason—  
There is one danger, sweet, and so  
Just heed, my own, this word in season.  
My happiness is much to me,  
And no sane girl would care to risk hers  
With any male monstrosity [whiskers!  
Who dared to wear these new side-

## SONNET TO THE THERMOMETER.

BY A DESPERADO.

[The National Skating Association propose to hold examinations, weather permitting, in Figure-skating . . . Temperature, Dec. 29, 52° Fahr.]

UNSEASONABLE Tube, are you aware  
Your ways are ill-behaved beyond excuse?  
Though doubtless spring's delights may  
have their use,  
You drive the figure-skater to despair!  
For, with the sprightly aneroid set fair,  
Each day you stand, impervious to abuse,  
At fifty odd, and simply play the deuce  
With zephyrs premature and vernal air!

New blades I've bought, and learnt the  
figure-test  
(On paper) for the N. S. A. "third-class";  
I've studied Q's and "rockers" and the rest,  
On terra firma—but in vain, alas!  
For, since the necessary ice non est,  
My skating Little-go I'll never pass!

## A BACHELOR ON BUTTONS.

"No pins! No buttons! No studs!"  
An advertisement runs. Say, old chappie!  
Were that so, in spite of his "duds"  
Fallen man might contrive to be happy.  
What made Eden's soon-ended rapture so  
great  
Was this, bet your boots; 'twas a buttonless  
state!  
And I am disposed to believe, on my soul,  
'Twas with his first button man got "in a  
hole."

Q. WHY does a lady wear her watch on her  
wrist?

A. Because she finds it so difficult to see  
the "clock" on her stocking.

## TRICOUPI'S COUP; OR, THE GREEK MICAWBER AND HIS CREDITORS.

(Adapted from that great, if genial, *Economist*, "David Copperfield.")

["The insolvency which M. TRICOUPI contemplates with so much philosophic calm. . . . The soothing assurances of M. TRICOUPI amount to very little. . . . As there was to be bankruptcy, M. TRICOUPI apparently thought it might as well be carried out on a magnificent scale. . . . Thirty per cent. was accordingly offered to the creditors, not as being the most Greece could pay, but as a sort of bid for a settlement that would relieve her from the necessity of paying any more."—*Times*.]

Mr. MICAWBER . . . . . M. TRICOUPI.  
Mrs. MICAWBER . . . . . GREECE.

"My advice," said Mr. MICAWBER, "you know. Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, nineteen millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine nineteen and nine; result, happiness! Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, twenty millions ought and six; result, misery! The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are for ever floored."

"My poor CRISPI's maxim," Mrs. MICAWBER observed.

"My dear," said Mr. MICAWBER, "your poor CRISPI is very well





## PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

AN UNRECORDED NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

in his way; but he applies that maxim very imperfectly. Now, I propose to work it out consistently, at the expense—well, of all whom it may concern. My advice is, never to pay to-day what you can put off till—say, the middle of next week. By that time something may—well, in point of fact, something may, and in all probability *scill*, turn up."

"Just so," returned Mrs. MICAWBER. "It is precisely that. And the fact is that we can *not* live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up. Now I am convinced myself, and this I have pointed out to Mr. MICAWBER several times of late, that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist to turn them up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion. I am aware that I am merely a female, and that a masculine judgment is usually considered more competent to the discussion of such questions."

"I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of my friends here," said Mr. MICAWBER, "that I am a man who has, for some years, contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of floggers to them; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. MICAWBER, in the words of CATO, 'It must be so! PLATO, thou reasonest well. It's all up now. I can show fight no more.' I am constrained to admit that such a moment is the present."

"Mr. MICAWBER's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present," said Mrs. MICAWBER. "If Mr. MICAWBER's creditors will *not* give him time, they must take the consequences; and the sooner they bring it to an issue the better. Blood cannot be obtained from a stone; neither can more than THIRTY PER CENT.—on account—be obtained at present from Mr. MICAWBER!"

"Thirty per cent.," said Mr. MICAWBER, solemnly, "is—save to bloodsucking bondholders and grasping creditors—*no trifle*! And I need hardly say that *should* anything turn up in the early or more remote future—of which at present I am exceedingly sanguine—MICAWBER would be the last man in the world to wish to play the classical part of *Græculus euriens*. And then," added Mr. MICAWBER, "I have no doubt I shall, please Heaven, begin to be beforehand with the world, and to live in a perfectly new manner, if—in short, if anything turns up!"

"I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER," cried Mrs. MICAWBER, with effusion. "Mr. MICAWBER has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities both; but I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER. No!" cried Mrs. MICAWBER, more affected than before; "I will never do it! It's of no use asking me!"

MEM. BY A "STEEPLE JACK."—To try to climb to the top of a steeple would be for most people a vane attempt.

## CHAT À LA MODE.

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON discovered discussing the state of the Navy in a first-class compartment.

Brown. My dear fellows, I can assure you we are in a terrible condition of unpreparedness. If France was to declare war to-morrow we should be nowhere—absolutely nowhere!

Jones. You mean, of course, with Russia?

Robinson. Or was it Italy?

Brown. It doesn't matter which. I fancy that France alone could tackle us. Why, a man was telling me the other day that if Gibraltar was seized—as it might be—we should not get a shipload of wood for months—yes, for months!

Jones. But what has Gibraltar to do with it?

Robinson. Why, of course it guards our approaches to the Suez Canal.

Brown. Oh, that's only a matter of detail. But what we want is a hundred millions to be spent at once. CORDEN said so, and I agree with CORDEN.

Jones. But upon what?

Robinson. Oh, in supporting the Sultan, and subsidising the Ameer.

Brown. I don't think that sort of thing is of much importance. But if we had a hundred millions (as Mr. CORDEN suggested), we might increase our coaling stations, and build new ships, and double the navy, and do all sorts of things.

Jones. But I thought we were fairly well off for coaling stations, had lots of ships on the stocks, and, with the assistance of our Merchant Marine, an ample supply of good sailors.

Robinson. That's what all you fellows say! But wait till we have a war, and then you will see the fallacy of all your arguments. No, we should buy the entire fleet of the world. There should be no other competitor. BRITANNIA should *really* rule the waves.

Brown. Yes, yes. Of course; but after all that is not the important matter. What we want is a hundred millions available to be spent on anything and everything. And it's no use having further discussion, because that was CORDEN's view of it, and so it is mine.

Jones. But where is it to come from—out of the rates?

Brown and Robinson (together). Certainly not.

Jones. Or the taxes?

Brown and Robinson (as before). Don't be absurd.

Jones. Well, it must come from somewhere! Can you tell me where?

Robinson. Why should we?

Brown. Yes, why should we? Even CORDEN didn't go so far as that, and— But here we are at the station.

[Invasion of porters, and end of the conversation.]

THE LEARNED WOMAN.—She who in her zeal gets up—Herself!

## 'IGHER UP!

(A Sketch Outside an Omnibus.)

The Omnibus is on its progress from Piccadilly to the Bank; the weather is raw and unpleasant, and the occupants of the garden-seats on the roof of the vehicle are—for once in a way—mostly men.

First Passenger (to Second, an acquaintance). I see young BASH-AWAY the other day. (Significantly.) Jest been to see his father, so he told me.

Second Passenger (with interest). 'Ad he though? And 'ow did he find him?

First P. Frustrate, young JIM said; didn't know when he'd seen him lookin' better—(with sentiment)—quite like his old self!

Second P. (heartily). That is good 'earin', that is! (Reflectively.) Seems rum, though, come to think of it.

First P. 'Ow d' yer mean—rum? It's no more than what yer'd expect, bein' where he is. Look at the air o' the place—there ain't a 'elthier situation all round London, to my mind!

Second P. No, that's right enough, and, from all I 'ear, the food's well cooked, and served reg'lar, if it is plain.

First P. Ah, and BILL enjoys his meals now, he does—the work gives him a appetite, and it's years, to my certain knowledge, since he done a stroke, and o' course he ain't allowed no drink—

Second P. And that's enough, of itself, to be the savin' of 'im, the way he was!

First P. Then, yer see, there's the reg'lar hours, and the freedom from worry, and the like, and nothink on his mind, and the place with every sanitary improvement and that—why, he owns his own self it's bin the makin' of 'im. And from what young JIM was a tellin' me, it appears that, if BILL goes on gittin' good-conduct marks at the rate he's doin', there'll be a nice little sum doo to 'im when he's done his time at Wormwood Scrubs.

Second P. (sympathetically). Well, and that makes suthin' to look forward to, don't it, when he does git let out. Talkin' o' that, you've known 'im longer 'n what I 'ave. Do you 'appen to know what it was as he got inter trouble for?

First P. (with the consciousness of superior delicacy). Lor' bless yer, I never thought o' arskin' 'im the question!

Second P. (with feeble self-assertion under this implied rebuke). Well, it all depends on 'ow yer put a question o' that sort.

[He is silent for the remainder of the journey.]

A Chatty Passenger (to a Contradictory Passenger, as the 'bus passes Trafalgar Square). Pretty these 'ere fountains look, with the water playin', don't they?

The Contradictory Passenger. The fountains are well enough, if it wasn't for the water—norsy messy stuff, I call it.

The Chatty P. (abandoning the fountains). It's wonderful what an amount o' traffic there is in the Strand, ain't it?

Contrad. P. Nothink to what it was forty years ago!

[His neighbour not feeling in a position to deny it, subdues him.] The Driver (to a Passenger with a Badge, immediately behind him). 'Ow is it you're orf yer keb to day, Bob?—takin' a day orf, or what?

The Passenger with a Badge. Not much; goin' up to Bow Street to gimmy evidence in a collision case, that's all.

Driver (dubiously). Bow Street! Ain't that rorther shovin' yer 'ed in the lion's mouth, eh?

The P. with a B. (with virtuous serenity). Not it! What ha' they got agen me all the time I bin licensed? Only three drunks and a loiter!

The Chatty P. (returning to the charge). Orful state the roads

are in with all this mud. I s'pose that's the London County Council, eh?

The Contrad. P. London Kayounty Kayouncil! No, it ain't. Nothink o' the sort! I'll tell yer 'oo it is, if yer want to know; it's GLADSTONE!

The Chatty P. (mildly surprised, but glad to have discovered common ground). I see you're a Conservative—like myself.

The Contrad. P. That's jest where you're wrong! I ain't no Conservative, nor yet I don't want none o' GLADSTONE neither. I'm a Radikal, I am. JOHN BURNS and BEN TILLET—that's my lot!

The Chatty P. (reluctantly relinquishing politics). Ah, well, every man's got a right to form his own opinions, ain't he?

The Contrad. P. No, he ain't—not if he goes and forms wrong 'uns! (A pause.) 'Ave yer got the time about yer?

The Chatty P. (accepting this as a sign of softening). I'm sorry to say I come out without my watch this morning, or else— But there's plenty o' clocks about as I'll tell yer.

The Contrad. P. (with intense disdain). Clocks! You don't ketch me trustin' no clocks—with no two of 'em alike!

The Chatty P. (as they pass a well-known watchmaker's). Well, 'ow about that clock with the figgers? Won't that do yer? They set it to Grinnidge time every hour, so it's bound to be right!

The Contrad. P. (as he descends). There yer are! Think I'd put my faith in a clock as 'as to be set right every hour? 'Tain't likely! Good day to yer.

The Chatty P. So long! (To himself.) A pleasant feller enough, I dessay, if you leave the subjee' to 'im!

Driver (to smart Hansom Cabman). Now then, outer the way with that 'ere 'Ackney keb o' yours!

Hansom Cabman (with hauteur). As it 'appens, it ain't a 'Ackney cab—it's a private ker-ridge, this is!

Driver. Ah, I might ha' known you was a hammytoor by yer silly hasslike method o' conductin' yer business!

[Drives on triumphant.]

A Political Passenger (with a panacea—to a "Knowledgeable" Passenger). No, I don't want no 'Ome Rule, nor yet no Parish Counsels, nor nothink o' that. What I want see inter-dooed 'ere is Terecenial Porli-ments.

The Knowledgeable Passenger (with respect). Terecenial Parli-ments? I don't know as I've 'eard o' them.

The Pol. P. Ain't yer? Well, they're what we want. Why, they've 'ad 'em in America, they've 'ad 'em in Ostralia, they've

'ad 'em in Orstria; and everywhere, mind yer, everywhere they've been in operation they've turned out a success!

The Kn. P. Then it's 'igh time we 'ad 'em. What is it they're called again?

The Pol. P. Tee-reen-ial Porli-ments. It stands to reason they work well; there they are, a settin' eight months in the year fur seven year on end—somethink's bound to come of it! I'd like to see any o' our lot settin' like that. It's a pity we don't take more pattern by America in our law-makin'.

The Kn. P. Except in our criminal law. Why I've 'eard there's States out there where a man may go and commit a crime, d' ye see? and once he gits across the boundary from one State into another—like as it might be a line across this 'ere street like, d' ye see?—once he's over that, they can't do nothink to 'im!

The Pol. P. (thoughtfully). Ah, that wouldn't never do 'ere that wouldn't!

[The Conductor comes up to collect fares.] Conductor (to a Sleepy Passenger in a corner). Now then, fare, please?

The Sleepy Passenger (with manly regret). I ain't gorrit, ole pal. If yer 'd asht me jes' two minutes afore I gorrap, I could ha' done it for yer, but I took jes' anorrer glash an' blued th' lot. No man can



"Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!"

say I don't part s' long's I gorrer money; no freehanded man anywheresh 'n wharri am; but yer come on me too late. (*Shaking his head reproachfully.*) Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!

Cond. 'Ere, I ain't goin' to stand no nonsense. If yer 'aven't got the money, git down orf o' my bus, and quick, too!

The Lit. P. Ged down? An' quick! You wouldn't tor' li' that if you'd sheen wharrer bloomin' 'ard job I 'ad to get up!

(*He resumes his slumber.*)

Cond. (*passing on, softened.*) I can't go and break the beggar's neck for tuppence, and he's got it somewhere about him, as likely as not. (*To a Litigious Passenger.*) Tuppence is the fare, Sir, if you please.

The Litigious Passenger. One penny is the legal fare, and all I intend to pay. I know the law!

Cond. And so do I. It's wrote up tuppence inside the bus. If yer ain't going to pay more, yer'd better git down; ye've 'ad over your penn'orth a'ready!

The Litig. P. (*with spirit.*) I decline to get down. I insist on being taken to the Bank for my penny.

Cond. Oh, do yer? We'll see about that.

(*He stops the bus and calls a Constable, to whom he briefly explains the situation.*)

Constable (*pacificaly, from below, to the Litig. P.*). Come, Sir, don't block the traffic, like this 'ere! Either pay the man his fare or get down—one of the two.

The Litig. P. (*from the roof.*) I have a legal right to remain here if I like!

Const. That may be, Sir, but if you do this man can summons you, that's all!

The Litig. P. (*warming with the joy of battle.*) That's just what I want him to do! Can't I make him summon me?

Cond. (*disgusted.*) 'Ere, 'ang it all, do yer think I'm goin' to cart you 'arf over London fur a penny, and throw yer in the luxury of a lawsoot? 'Ere's yer penny back, and I give yer the ride free—there!

The Litig. P. (*accepting the penny, and descending with dignity.*) Very well, and let me tell you this, it was just as well you gave way when you did, for I was quite prepared to carry the case to the House of Lords!

Cond. Ah! and I s'pose yer think yer'd git there for a penny?

(*The Omnibus goes on before the Litigious Person has time to think over such an obvious repartee as asking the Constable to take the man's number.*)

#### A PARLIAMENTARY POST-CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(*To be sung at St. Stephens.*)

HEAVEN help you "English Gentlemen"!

You heard, with sore dismay,

That Parliament could scarce adjourn,

This year, o'er Christmas Day.

Keeping poor squires from rural rites

Which now must go astray,

Was scarce tidings of comfort and joy!

Now you've come back to Parliament,

It seems you've come to play

Still at Obstruction's sad, bad game.

To loiter and delay;

To fudge, and fib, and snap, and sneer,

Just in the old, old way.

That's not tidings of comfort and joy!

Still BOWLES blares on, still BARTLEY jaws,

Still twitters TOMLINSON;

Hour after hour about one Clause

They hammer on, on, on!

"Amending" purely fancy flaws,

Till FOWLER's chance seems gone.

Is that tidings of comfort and joy?

Ah, would some strong man rise and smash

This stale sophistic sham,

The taradiddles and the trash

Expose as faction's flam;

Brummagem bare, and Bunkum bash,

Oh! that were "real jam"!

True tidings of comfort and joy!

Heaven help the Members of this House,

The Grand Old Man also!

Let the huge Mountain yield its Mouse,

And the tired doctors go;

Obstruction choke and faction chouse,

And shut up spiteful Joe,

And send you all a Happy New Year.

A New Year,

An honest, kindly English New Year!



#### "MUTATO NOMINE."

"WELL, CHARLIE, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"OH! A RETURN OF MY OLD ENEMY!"

"THE D——!"

"No, no! THE GOUT, MAN—THE GOUT!"

#### BOOKING-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROPOS of the portrait of the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS in the Number dated December 23, we have received the following letter of inquiry:—

"Why is the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS this week wearing an Earl's Coronet? Yours with respect, B. DOD-BURKE."

Why? Because it is the only one he has got at home at present; and by special leave and license all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Baron is at full liberty to wear exactly what best suits him. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

#### SECOND FIDDLES TO THE FORE.

"Seconds were appointed by both parties. They met at Naples on Saturday, and yesterday published their decision, excluding the possibility of a duel between Signori SONZOGNO and BOJTO."—*Daily News.*

SECOND to none in setting matters right,  
Seconds to none, as there's to be no fight,  
*Bravissimi!* "For this relief much thanks."  
We liked not these "enraged musicians' pranks."  
Your would-be principals now needn't die  
On seeing Naples. You have said "Don't try";—  
And stopped the "little rift," or big dispute,  
Which might indeed have made much music mute.

A STAGGERER!—"His official existence being indeed not recognised by statute." We quote from that most useful work *Hazell's Annual for 1894*. About whom is this absolutely trustworthy information given? Why, it is concerning the PRIME MINISTER! Concerning the G. O. M.! "His official existence is not recognised by statute." But the G. O. M. is inseparable from WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Therefore WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE is not recognised by statute! Without his "official existence" he does not exist. No one can possibly think of him apart from his political existence. Try it! It can't be done. It is unthinkable. But "Statute Law" does "not recognise" him! Statute Law, then, like Justice, is blind; and so much the worse, perhaps, for Statute Law. This reduces the Premier to a mere Nobody! He is the Embodiment, so to speak, of Nobody. Nobody is at the Head of the Government! Nobody is right, or Nobody is wrong. Here! Somebody! take us to Hanwell!





### A LITTLE LUNCHEON AT TIMMINS'.

Host. "MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ROAST HARE, LADY JONES?"

Master Tommy (Lady Jones's Godson). "AH! I SAW COOK PEEL THAT CAT!"

### "COME ABOARD, SIR!"

Captain PUNCH loquitor:—

Come aboard, Sir? You're welcome, smart  
yunker!

You've hit off the time to a tick.  
You're young, but I trust you're no  
funker,

Or apt to turn timid or sick.  
For we may have rough weather before  
us,

And even a fight *mayn't* be far.  
What odds, if you're true  
To the Red, White, and Blue,  
The glorious old flag that floats gallantly  
o'er us,  
O tiny but stout-hearted Tar?

You're clearly a sea-going "Nipper"  
Unwhiskered, and "only so high."  
But you'll have a tempest-trying skipper;  
And don't look like piping your eye.  
You seem—like your kit—trim and ready,  
Your foot—like the anchor's—a-trip;  
You're likely and limber,  
And sound as oak timber,  
With a voice that can join us in "Steady,  
boys, steady!"  
A hand that can fight for the Ship!

Come aboard! Ours will be a long voyage,  
One all round the world—and the year,  
You're now at that juvenile-joy age  
That feels not foreboding or fear;  
You funk not the storm—or the steward—  
The mast-head, the rope's-end, the snub.

Like MARYAT's middy,  
You sing tiddy-iddy,  
And think not of shirking or lurching to  
leeward  
Should tempests assail the Old Tub!

Quite right! That's the true Tarry  
"sperit"

That NELSON and DIBDIN proclaimed,  
If from Old Salts, and Songs, you inherit  
That spirit, you'll never be shamed.

We hear heaps of chat on the Navy.  
No need to be braggart or craven!

If we keep up our pluck,  
And our Fleet, with fair luck,  
Our goal, boy, will not be the Locker of Davy,  
But honour, and home, and safe haven.

Come aboard! Well, the night-watch is set,  
boy,

Turn in, and—when wanted—turn out!  
No need to "pipe all hands" as yet, boy.

But storms, and strong foes, are about.  
At perils nor shrinking nor scoffing,

Our duty's to plough on our way,  
Steady hand at the wheel,  
Dry powder, sharp steel;

And then, lad, if danger *should* loom in the  
offing,

Why, up, boy, and at it! Hooray!!!

### THE PIOUS POLYGAMIST.

(New Year's Song of a Happy Husband.)

WHEN I arrived at man's estate

And felt I ought to wed,

I knew 'twas a crisis in my fate,

A serious thing to contemplate,

And thus to myself I said:

"You need, of course, a dainty cook,

And a needlewoman, too;

And then, in addition, you want a mu-

sician

To chase the devils blue;

A clever talker, a willing walker,

A capable nurse beside,

A thing of beauty devoted to duty—

And a gentle and charming bride."

Well, after a time I found my cook

And my needlewoman fair;

I likewise found an excellent nurse

And a lovely girl who could well converse

And play me any air.

I asked them all to be my own,

And they gladly gave consent,

And then together, in finest feather,

To the parish church we went.

And there we tarried until I married

My sempstress, nurse, and cook,

And my other "flames"—and our

several names

Had been entered in the book.

And then we went on our honeymoon,

And then to my Clapham home,

Where the cook prepares me many a dish,

And the artist plays whate'er I wish,

And, should I chance to roam,

I know the sempstress is well employed

In making my children's dress.

So I needn't worry or be in a hurry,

Or myself in the least distress.

And the nurse is ready, if e'er unsteady

My legs or nerves may be,

With perfect quiet and proper diet

To take good care of me.

So altogether I don't regret

The step I took that day,

When I married a whole domestic staff,

And I merely regard as so much chaff

What foolish people say

About English wives, and their many

faults—

I'm thoroughly well content!

And of any growling or surly scowling

I'm perfectly innocent.

I'm happy, very, and blithe and merry,

And if the saying's true

That occupation kills tribulation,

My wife is happy too!





“COME ABOARD, SIR!”





# “‘EN ITERUM!’ HERE WE ARE AGAIN!”

WELCOME to our evergreen friends, Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine! All of them fresher than ever on the boards of Old Drury! Some of the genuine “good old” business, too, revived



Herbert Campbell Atkins.

by Mr. HARRY PAYNE, which delighteth the heart of Mr. Punch. Once more within the walls of Ancient Drury, young and old Druryites joyfully assemble to acclaim AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS the “P.P.P.P.,” which, writ large, means

“Punch’s Prize Pantomime Provider!”

Peculiar interest (we hope DRURIOLANUS will make cent. per cent.) is attached to this particular production, seeing it is announced in the playbill as “the last of the present lease,” and of all the long line of Pantomimes, of which this is the last, most certainly it is not the least. But Sir DRURIOLANUS is not to be evicted, he is to continue as “The Man in Possession,” the right man in the right place, and, being thus re-leased, he is free to remain *ad multos annos*, and to say most happily with “the Ghost who walked” in *Hamlet*, “Leased! Leased! O Leased!”

In *Robinson Crusoe*, if DRURIOLANUS, with his able collaborateur, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, has not given us quite so much of *Robinson* or of *Crusoe* as might have been expected, we have a magnificent spectacle, beautiful dresses, forms fairy-like and unfairy-like, and a wealth of low comedy in Messrs. DAN LENO as *Mrs. Crusoe*, HERBERT CAMPBELL as the villain Atkins, “Little TICH” as *Friday*—quite the shortest day in the year—and Miss MARIE LLOYD, looking, as *Polly Perkins*, like an expensive doll. Then there are Miss JULIA KENT as *Perky Snooks*, and Miss ADA BLANCHE as the new *Robinson*, with others in a full cast too numerous to mention individually, all of whom, with singing and dancing and “comic business,” contribute to make the Pantomime “a going concern,” to the rapturous delight of a house crowded nightly from floor to ceiling.

“*The History of England in twenty minutes*” is of course given for the instruction of *Friday*, whose education as a man-eating savage had been, it may be assumed, considerably neglected. The conversation of the highly-educated and well-informed grown-up spectators in stalls, during this portion of the entertainment, and the shots made at historical names, dates, and places might be summed up under the heading of “Guesses at Truth.” We hereby advise any Paterfamilias intending to take TOMMY and HARRY to Drury Lane to give himself an hour or two’s



Mah-rie Lloyd Perkins.

“cramming” in English history, so as to be able to answer correctly the questions that his boys are safe to put to him; for, should he hesitate, or be detected in giving incorrect information, down he will go in the estimation of those young lads from school, and the moral effect on their future will be a bad one. Whereas, if Pater is spry, and not only “up-to-date,” but “up-to-dates,” those dates being absolutely correct, then his visit with his boys to this Pantomime will have raised him on a higher pedestal than ever he was before, and will inspire his lads with a real desire to emulate the rare attainments of their scholarly progenitor. Paterfamilias will do well also to take, or send, them to see *Sandford and Merton* at a *matinée* at the Comedy Theatre, where they will learn how comically ill-behaved two boys can be who have only that amount of respect for their teacher which is



Masters Sandford and Merton.

maintained by Doctors Birch and Cane, administered with admirable efficiency by Mr. LIONEL BROUGH BARLOW, M.A., to Masters TOMMY ROBSON MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD HUNT, who, with the girls and the French governess, sing and dance in real holiday time to Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON’S tuneful music. This eccentric and scholastic Operetta is preceded at the same theatre by Mr. BUCHANAN’S poetical version of *The Pied Piper*, which, for the Christmassy season, might have been more appropriately entitled *The Mince Pie’d Piper*. There are plenty of “shows,” all “going strong,” just now, including a Pantomime at the Crystal Palace and another at the Lyceum; also *Noah’s Ark* at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, which, for the nonce has become “*Holland House*.” Perhaps I may have more to say anon entertainments another week, when I shall still take my seat as

M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.

QUEER QUERY.—CHEAP LITERATURE.—I see that the “Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge” is issuing such books as *The Talisman* and *Robinson Crusoe* in a penny form. Why should some publisher not start a halfpenny series of equally valuable works? For example, I am convinced that my epic poem called *Hades Revisited* might have been more popular than it actually was had the natural eagerness of the masses to obtain a copy not been ruthlessly checked by the prohibitive price of seven-and-sixpence. There is also a great future before the *Farthing Novelette*. I have several short stories which transcend anything yet done by R. L. STEVENSON, and which, issued in that shape, would circulate by millions. In “touch-and-go comedy,” too, I feel that I could create a *furor*; but publishers, to whom I submit my funny tales, go before they have touched them!—AUCTOR IGNOTUS.



Good Mr. Barlow.

M.P.’s TO BE ENVIED.—The Happy Paired.



## THE LATEST FASHION.

*Ratcatcher.* "BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LADY, BUT WOULD YOUR LADYSHIP MIND TELLING ME WHERE SHE GETS ALL HER RATS FROM. I'VE BEEN OUT FOR THE LAST WEEK AND CAN'T COME ACROSS ANY!"

## "PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD—LAWYERS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though proud of being a member of the same profession as my good friend Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., I must (in the interests of the public) at once protest against one expression of opinion in a recent *Pickwickian* lecture. "I can sufficiently indicate my own feelings," says the Recorder of York, "when I say that any system which prevents a litigant having the fullest personal communication with the person he has paid to represent him is an anomaly and an absurdity." The *fullest personal communication*! Let me give my experience of the *fullest personal communication*!

I once had a client who insisted on interviewing me. At last, weakly and unprofessionally, I consented. From that day till years afterwards I never went into Court but what before long I was assailed by this hungry litigant. Finally I had to grow a beard and get rid of him. In another case a man who said he wanted to see me on private business defeated my clerk and got into my chambers. He was my client—of a guinea brief (only a little one, I admit, but, though a poor thing, my own). For six hours he sat and got into legal mare's nests, out of which in turn I had to dislodge him. At last even I—a briefless worm—turned. "Sir," I said, drawing myself up to my full height, "Sir, I am obliged—to your solicitor—for the brief in your case. I am by this time in perfect possession of the facts. Permit me to remind you that it is I who am responsible for the *law*." Then he left. The case went to the House of Lords, and the junior's brief was marked a hundred guineas. I was *not* the junior.

This, Sir, is the result of the "fullest personal communication." I leave a humane public to decide between Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Yours faithfully,  
L. ERNEST COUNSEL.  
102, Temple Gardens, E.C. December 26, 1893.

## FROM OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY'S EXAM. PAPER.

Q. What is the meaning of an "*alumnus*" of a school?

A. The "*alumnus*" is the baker. So called because he puts "*alum*" in the bread.

## ONCHYOPHAGY!

[The practice of onchyophagy, we are informed, shows that "the nervous centres are disorganised."]

AIR—"The Clown's Song" (SHAKESPEARE).

WHEN that I was a little tiny boy—  
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—  
To gnaw my nails I did enjoy,  
But the world grows wiser every day.

And now I've come to man's estate,  
I'm an "onchyophagist," so they prate,  
Because—my mother had been sore surprised!—  
My "nervous centres are disorganised!"

At the terrible name (and the cause) one pales,  
Till one finds it but mean that I—*bite my nails!*

A great while ago the world begun—  
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—  
And I sometimes think 'tis the sages' fun  
That they strive to scare us every day.

## TO AMANDA.

(In High Feather.)

ONLY the feather you wore in your hat,  
What magic there proved to be in it!  
I suddenly recognised something, and that  
Only the feather you wore in your hat.  
My heart fell to beating with loud pit-a-pat;  
I knew again then in a minute  
Only the feather you wore in your hat—  
What magic there proved to be in it!

NEW-YEAR ADVICE TO A SPORTING JOHNNY.—Drop your "*gees*" (on the Turf), and pick them up again in your talk.





NEW YEAR'S PARLIAMENTARY FANCY BALL.

## ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, and Conivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

## THE PATIENT'S SONG.

AIR—"Fill the Bumper Fair!"  
SHAKE the bottle well!  
Every dose we measure  
Makes the bosom swell  
With a patient's pleasure,  
Joy's electric flame  
Ne'er so swiftly passes,  
As when through the frame  
It shoots from physic-glasses!  
Doctors disagree?—  
So the dolts deride us!  
Shall we doubt M.D.  
With his dose inside us?  
No! Let patients sit  
With receptive throttle.  
Nasty? Not a bit!  
Drink—and pass the bottle!

## Chorus of Invalids.

Shake the bottle well!  
Every dose we drink 'll  
Prove a potent spell,  
Smooth away a wrinkle!

Homoeopaths at first,  
With their tasteless doses,  
Quenched our physic-thirst,  
Made us hold our noses  
Over draught and drench,  
Salts and oil of castor;  
Rhubarb made us blench,  
Jalap was our master.  
Now we swig them up!  
Pills should have some flavor.  
Brim the "bitter cup!"  
Aloes lends it savour,  
Vitriol gives it bite,  
Brimstone gives it body,  
Squills bring appetite,  
Laudanum warms like toddy.  
And O joy! when round  
The sick-chamber spying,  
The Blue Pill is found  
By the Black Draught lying!

## Chorus of Invalids.

Shake the bottle well, &c.



## HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

Mistress, "I'M SORRY FOR YOU, JOHN; BUT IF YOUR WIFE HAS GOT SUCH A DREADFUL TEMPER, WHY DID YOU MARRY HER?"  
Coachman (the Fourth Husband). "WELL, MUM, I HAD THREE GOOD CHARACTERS WITH HER!"

Give me GALEN's bowl  
For a night of pleasure!  
Rapture fires my soul  
As the "drops" I measure.  
Palatable? Pooh!!!  
HAHNEMANN's idea!  
Better the strong brew  
Blent by dark Medea!  
Tasteless tinctures irk;  
Dose infinitesimal,  
Which you have to work  
Out to the tenth decimal,  
Neither tongue nor nose  
Aiding its detection;—  
Such is not the dose  
Of our predilection!  
Patients much prefer—  
When 'tis mixed and shaken—  
Something should occur  
Telling 'em 'tis taken!  
How it fires the eye!  
How it warms the throttle!  
Bacchus (sick) might cry,  
"Drink—and pass the bottle!"

## Chorus of Inattentive Invalids.

Shake the bottle well!  
Every dose we drink 'll  
Prove a potent spell,  
Setting eyes a-twinkle,  
Bidding bosoms swell,  
Smoothing every wrinkle!

QUEER QUERY. — STRONG LANGUAGE.—I read in the paper that "France objects to the principle of a Buffer State." Would somebody kindly explain the meaning of this curious phrase? Does it imply that Lord ROSEBERY has been calling the French people buffers? If so, does International Law allow of such language? A friend suggested to me that "it is Siam, and not France, that is meant." But is it not equally discreditable to use opprobrious expressions to a weak Oriental kingdom that cannot retaliate by a declaration of war? And is not this a specimen of the way in which England habitually treats all feeble races?—AMATEUR DIPLOMAT.

## "SMART."

On! Belles of Bonny Bayswater, pray hearken unto me,  
And I'll show you how to sparkle in Polite Societie.  
Never fear that you'll be visited with contumely or scorn  
If you happen not to be aristocratically born;  
For success is not dependent on the accident of rank,  
And mere birth is badly beaten by a balance at the bank;  
So, if only you have money, you need never be afraid  
To swagger of the swindles of your former days of trade.

For the World, as they receive you to their heart,  
Each to each will the opinion impart:  
"Oh, she's vulgar, I admit,  
I don't like her, not a bit,  
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Your dress must be—well—daring; you must have a tiny waist,  
And the colours must be splashed about in execrable taste—  
Your bodice may be decent while your youth is in its prime,  
But must lower as you counteract the ravages of time.  
The colour of your hair and your complexion must appear  
To vary with the fashionable fancies of the year;  
And, though your wit lack lustre, the tiara must be bright  
That you've hired at a jeweller's at ten-and-six a night.

And the World, as they receive you to their heart,  
Each to each will the opinion impart:  
"Looks quite odd, I must admit,  
I don't like her, not a bit,  
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Then, as to conversation, let each syllable you speak  
Be vehemently vapid or extravagantly weak.  
Let your words be very risky, though, of course, it must be seen  
That you're artfully pretending that you don't know what they mean.  
In the intervals of slander you must prate in flippant tone  
On some theologic subject that had best be left alone.  
And, though your speech be witless, if not actually absurd,  
'Twill be brilliant if a reputation goes at every word.  
And the World, as they receive you to their heart,  
Each to each will the opinion impart:  
"She's ill-natured, I admit,  
I don't like her, not a bit,  
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Your parties must be "tidy." So, to compass all your ends,  
Find some lady—with a title—who likes living on her friends;  
Hint you're ready with the money that's essential to the task,  
If only she will condescend to tell you whom to ask.  
On your former friends and neighbours you'll politely close your door  
(Though they used to give you dresses in the days when you were poor),  
Be each guest of yours a Beauty, full of "circumstance and pride,"  
A tiara on her head, a co-respondent by her side.

And the World, as they receive you to their heart,  
Each to each will the opinion impart:  
"She's a snob, I quite admit,  
I don't like her, not a bit,  
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

SEASONABLE WISH, FOR A VICTIM OF THE VAMPIRE INSOMNIA.—  
I wish you a nappy New Year!



# 'TIS HEAVEN ITSELF THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER.—Addison.

Socrates taught that **THIS LIFE COULD NOT END ALL.**



**PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.**

When you have drawn an Overdraft on the Bank of Life, hot milk is the only true food for the prevention of disease—Influenza, Fagged, Wear, or Worn Out, Excitement, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Weakness, &c., &c.; or in any form of Physical or Mental Strain. Use hot milk (sipped) day and night, and when necessary take Eno's "Fruit Salt." By that means you produce a natural flow of healthy bile.

A New Life of Joy and Sunshine. By the use of Eno's "Fruit Salt," the hot milk, which otherwise might produce biliousness and other disasters, will agree with you.

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT** is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhoea. It removes effete, gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

**FROM the late Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.**—"November 1, 1873. Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'FRUIT SALT,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, while it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'FRUIT SALT,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.—To J. C. ENO, Esq."

**BANGKOK, SIAM. IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.**—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches, under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two and three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, His Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.—To J. C. ENO, Esq., London."

**ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

**IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BEDROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.**

**ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.**

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS**—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it, Life is a Sham.

**CAUTION.**—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

Prepared only at ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

From Dawn to Sunset!! Use is Life, and he most truly lives who uses best. The Blacksmith's arm and the Statesman's brain. The most truly living body is the most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. The more the Blacksmith works his arms and the Statesman his brain, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys.

Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain?

No, no; the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain, the newer and stronger and better the body will become.

The Renewal of Life. The Want of Nutriment is the Cause of Disease. Hot Milk—the Champagne of Life, and only perfect Human Builder.

As Milk is the only perfect food (slowly sipped), these facts prove the great importance of Milk (when sipped hot) in Health and Disease.

# SAMUEL BROTHERS.

## SCHOOL OUTFITS.

Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have had an experience of over 50 years in the production of Boys' and Youths' Clothing, and make an especial study of SCHOOL OUTFITS. (Specimen Outfits of various qualities and prices are described in their Illustrated Catalogue, that is supplied gratis on application.)

New Outfitting Catalogue  
(625 Engravings)  
and Patterns Free.

Merchant Tailors and  
Juvenile Outfitters.

65 & 67, Ludgate Hill,  
London, E.C.



"Eton."  
(Jacket and Vt.)  
From 12s. to 22s. 6d.



"Harrow."  
For boy of 8 to 12 yrs.  
12s. to 22s. 6d.



"Farnham."  
For boy of 8 to 12 yrs.  
12s. to 22s. 6d.



"Devon."  
For boy of 3 to 6 years.  
12s. to 22s. 6d.



"Chesham."  
For boy of 3 to 6 years.  
12s. to 22s. 6d.



"Hick."  
For boy of 7 to 12 years.  
12s. to 22s. 6d.

# "C. O. M."



The finest type of DUBLIN WHISKY obtainable. Over 50 years' established reputation. Cases of 1 doz. bottles free to all Railway Stations on receipt of 50s.

ANDREWS & CO.,  
DAME ST., DUBLIN.  
Sole Proprietors of the  
C. O. M. Brand.  
London Office—  
12, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI.

# JAMES AMUSET'S CHAMPAGNE.

The LANCET says:—"We have analysed it and are able to give it unqualified praise. It is free from adulteration of any kind, and possesses a very delicate flavour. Price, 72s. per doz. Cash. Delivered at any railway station in 'U.K.' From all Wholesalers at 22, St. Giles, London, E.C.

WELCOME ALWAYS,  
KEEP IT HANDY.  
GRANT'S MORELLA  
CHERRY BRANDY.  
DELICIOUS—COMFORTING.

Ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with inferior imitations.

# TO SMOKERS.

FLOR DE DINDIGUL, a medium mild of exquisite flavour and aroma. Commensurate prominence better than Havana. Wagon, Dec. 9, 1890. Boxes of 100, 25, and 50 (two sizes, 100 and 50, 1s. post free 17s. 6d. NEW LAY, 40 & 41, Strand, & 161, Cheapside, London. Est. 1790.

# TATLEE-KIZ CIGARETTES.

## FINEST TURKISH BLEND.

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.  
WM. CLARKE AND SON,  
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

# WRIGHT'S

# COAL

# TAR

# SOAP

PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN

THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP PATENTED IN SKIN DISEASES

TABLETS 6d. LANCY

SOLD EVERYWHERE

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY

PROTECTS FROM FEVERS AND MALARIA

SMALL POX & A LUXURY FOR THE BATH

INVALUABLE FOR THE WORKING MAN

# LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The Original and Genuine "Worcestershire Sauce." For HOT and COLD MEATS,

GRAVIES,  
SALADS,  
SOUPS,  
GAME,  
FISH,  
WELSH RAREBITS,  
&c., &c.



Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of the Genuine and Original.

# 10/6 SWAN 10/6 FOUNTAIN PEN.

RUBBER RESERVOIR with GOLD PEN, IRIIDIUM TIPPED.

POINTS.  
In merit and excellence the Peer of all pens. One outlasts 12,000 steel pens costing 42s. Once filled, writes incessantly for 20 hours. Traveller's indispensable requisite. Clergyman's best help. Busy man's time and money economiser. OUR PENS ARE KNOWN THE WORLD OVER, AND WITHOUT RESERVATION WE GUARANTEE THEM PERFECT. We only require your Steel Pen and Handwriting to guide us in selecting a Pen. Our Illustrated Catalogue free upon application.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,  
Manufacturers of Gold Pens & Swan Fountain Pens, 93, Cheapside, London, E.C., and 95a, Regent St., W. (Piccadilly End). (Established 1845.)



Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2.4.8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in the smoking condition. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take it other.

# SMOKERS ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST IMITATIONS.

The Genuine bears the Trade-Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin. PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES, in Packets containing 12, and Tins of 24, 50, and 100.

The following extract from the "Review of Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every smoker:

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review of Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

# Martell's

"Three Star"  
Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.

# INSOMNIA. NERVES SHATTERED.

The modern treatment is to build up the nervous system by a daily use of "COCA-TONIC CHAMPAGNE." (Laurent-Ferrier.)

"I consider it most beneficial to the health of all such hard workers as myself. It is a most delightful drink, which leaves no injurious effects, and of its nerve-restoring powers I cannot speak too highly."—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Bottle, 45s.; half-bottle, 24s. per doz. Sold Everywhere.

Descriptive pamphlet free from HARRIS & CHALLINGTON, Sole Consignees, 4, St. James Place, London, E.C.

# COLEMAN'S WINGARNIS,

OR  
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT AND MALT WINE.  
Highest Award at the Chicago Exhibition.

Sold Everywhere, in Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

Over 2000 testimonials received from Medical Men.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—  
COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,  
Norwich and London.

# RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

Has for over Half a Century sustained its High Reputation as an INDISPENSABLE TOILET REQUISITE. RIMMEL'S New Perfume "NIBBELL" is delicious and lasting. Price from 3s. 6d. per Bottle. RIMMEL'S "BLUSH ROSE," a delicious and lasting perfume. London and Paris. Sold Everywhere. CAUTION.—Note name and trade mark on all goods.

FEED YOUR CHILDREN  
ON  
DR. RIDGE'S  
PATENT COOKED FOOD.